

# THE HONOLULU TIMES

ANNE M. PRESGOTT,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

MARCH, - 1905

## STRAY CRUMBS (PLUMS) FROM THE EDITOR'S LOG- BOOK (FEBRUARY).

We called in to see how the R. T. men are treated (hot coffee and sandwich) at 10 a. m. on Sundays and Mr. Haley talked to them of the true success, the way to find it and the easy and only way and all were interested because success in life is what everyone craves and would have; and he himself is on the high road from his own honest confession.

After an hour's stay in which we were informed and interested; we tarried for a little time in the German Lutheran which is a most charming bit of color and sweetness. The deepest and most profound reverence is manifested by the worshippers and it is very restful and soothing in its tendency—no flurry or flutter all quiet and peaceful, calm. It impresses one at once. The singing was melody, and a violin solo was beyond our words in point of beauty. That church is a picture indeed.

After that we listened to Bishop Restarick; he urges decidedly to believe in God, have faith in His promises and go forward though even clouds and darkness are round about; in other words not to look for fair weather always or smooth seas for breakers will sooner or later come into every one's life to test his cable and to see if his anchor will hold—"to try every man's faith of what sort it is." And then after getting our lunch we said the forenoon's time had not been wasted.

## REVEILLE.

As we said in our February paper quoting from a great writer: "the state is God's state just as much as the church is God's church." We cannot neglect the one and expect the other to have true life and earnestness.

We must have the state reformed and corrected of all evil then will follow in natural sequence that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation. If a man is an honest patriot he is an honest Christian; he can't be one without being the other also. He can't love God unless he loves his city, his country, where his earthly home is, where are all his dearest ties, and, unless he wills to see that well-ordered seven days in the week, he is no Christian man, no gentleman. All creation belongs to the Creator.

"The cattle upon a thousand hills are thine." "What is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou so regardest him?" Oh, let us all try to make things lovely in Hawaii and not 'orrid. Smooth out (gently) all the rinkles and rongs. But don't go at it (please) hammer and tongs. We have no fancy for Rough and Gruff or any such stuff. If you swing a tomahawk people will turn up any by street to escape your circle (circus) cuss.

Honey-comb, my dear, not curry-comb.



A soul from earth to heaven went  
To whom the saint, as he drew near,  
Said: Sir, what claim do you present  
To us, to be admitted here?"

"In Boston I was born and bred,  
And in her schools was educated;  
I afterwards at Harvard read  
And was, with honors, graduated.

In fair Nahant—a charming spot  
I own a villa, lawns, arcades,  
And last, a handsome burial lot  
In dead Mt. Auburn's hallowed shades."

St. Peter mused and shook his head

Then as a gentle sigh he drew,  
"Go back to Boston, friend," he said,  
"Heaven is not good enough for you."

Somerville Journal.



On Friday we were at both the Young and the Hawaiian enough long to take a few notes of things about us. We really cannot see a fault in either or in the really royal and sumptuous and most perfect housekeeping of these delightful inns of central Honolulu.

It seems almost a marvel that gentlemen like Messrs. Lake and Church should be here just at this crucial time, so to speak, when skill and tact are needed to suit and entice and attract the tourists of the world, men and women who know an extra good thing in the way of entertaining, men of means and of culture who have been and who are travellers in the largest sense and that will meet others and tell them of our attractive land and homes.

Nowhere in the wide world is more pleasing entertainment than these hostelrys have known in the past few months. Never has there been anything to compare with it in the Islands before. Why? Because the resources are many times more. Look at our imports for a dinner to-day. The music is finer, the flowers are more varied, the settings and furniture and lights and transportation and vehicles and horses are not the same of "ye olden time" but in every point compare with New York or Hyde Park or Champ Elysee. O yes, we are at the flood-tide of beauty and comfort, and daintiest fairyland, in our two mid-city hotels. And we speak straight facts, no circumlocution ("I guess") with us. And who would like if he could (dare) to stop our pencil? (Please send us a few) and now will spin on in our "auto."

What we rejoice in is the perfect good fellowship of the managers—no envy. "We'll come over to your